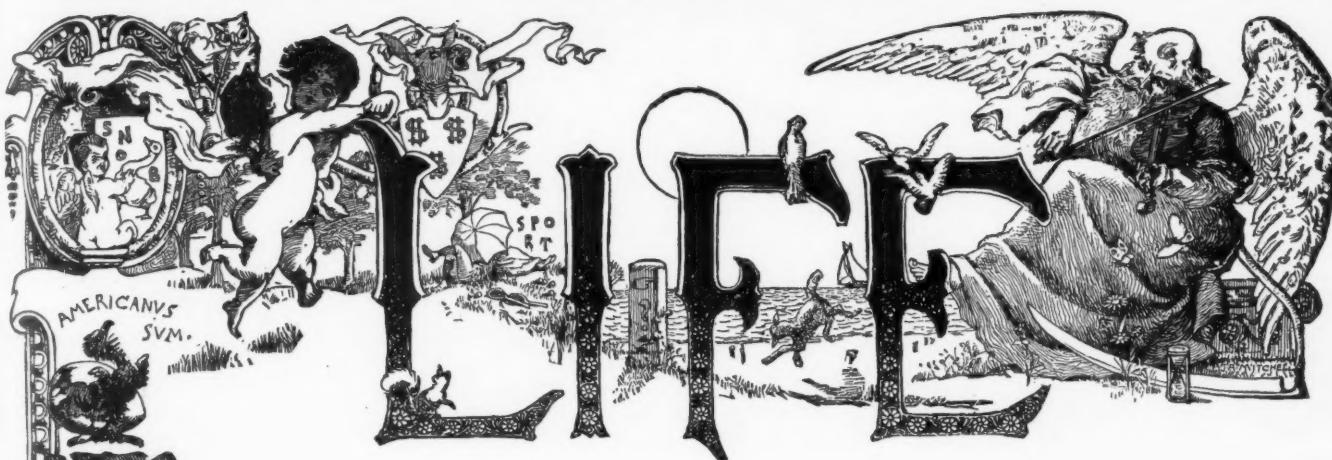


VOLUME XXIX.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 21, 1897.

NUMBER 735.

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A FORM OF SPEECH.

*He : I RAN ACROSS GRANDMOTHER IN THE PARK, YESTERDAY.
His Aunt : OH, DEAR! I DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOU RODE A BICYCLE.*

Stern Bros

direct attention
to their
Spring Importations
of
Cotton
Dress Fabrics
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Printed Organies,
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Scotch Ginghams,
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Irish Dimities.

West 23d St.

Good Times

and business revival create travel. If you are engaged buying or selling, or if you are planning a pleasure trip, this is to remind you that the New York Central and its connections reach all the important trade-centres of the country--all the principal resorts for health and pleasure. The New York Central has the fastest and finest trains in the world--line protected throughout by block signals--beautiful scenery, comprising the Hudson River, Mohawk Valley, and Niagara Falls--and it is the ONLY Trunk Line entering the city of New York. One always travels comfortably, safely and punctually on "America's Greatest Railroad." Take the first opportunity to test this.

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For sale by all retail jewelers.

VOLUME XXIX

LIFE.

NUMBER 735



A QUESTION OF QUALITY.

"YOU WILL GET OVER IT. IT WAS ONLY YOUR PUPPY LOVE."
"OH, BUT HE WAS SUCH A NICE PUPPY!"



RACING TERM.
"A SELLING RACE."

IN MAMMA'S DAY.

GiRLS didn't wear a tailor-suit,
Mannish gloves and calf-skin boot,
Drive four-in-hand, and smoke, and
shoot,
In Mamma's day.

Maids never yearned for politics,
Nor rode a wheel, like Toms and
Dicks,
Nor tore around, with big golf-sticks,
In Mamma's day.

They couldn't swim with grace and
ease,
In bathing suits cut to their knees,
And sail a boat through stormy seas,
In Mamma's day.

From what I have been told, and know,
Life must have been quite dull and slow
In that pathetic long ago—

My Mamma's day.
Curley.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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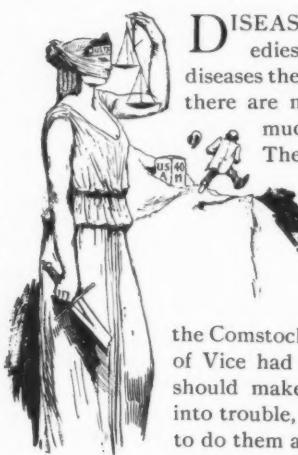


It has been much discussed during the past year whether the modern conception of the duties of our Ambassador to London, as exemplified by Mr. Bayard and most of his recent predecessors, is sound. The exercise for which our Ambassadors have come to be noted is not diplomacy, or any kind of statecraft, but what is vulgarly known as "song and dance." Our recent Ministers, from General Schenck to Mr. Bayard, have won distinction and popularity by amusing and instructing the British people.

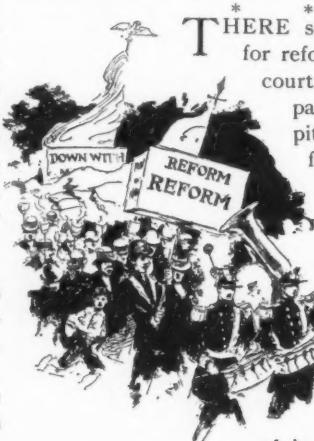


FAR be it from LIFE to disparage the usefulness of their labors, or the wisdom of their conception of their duties. It does seem, however, that if that conception continues to obtain, it is no more than fair that there should be reciprocity in its workings. Mr. Bayard has publicly embraced John Bull with fervent affection as often as once a fortnight for the past three years, but when have we seen the decorous arms of Sir Julian Pauncefote wound round the spare figure of Brother Jonathan? Is Sir Julian light on his feet, eloquent, emotional, poetical, pious, limber in the joints? Who knows? When has he charmed the Americans with a public address, or cemented ties of blood by public libations?

LIFE is not absolutely committed to a change of policy in this matter, but it does think it would be a graceful recognition of what we have done to entertain the British people and cement ties if, when Sir Julian is promoted, some intellectual acrobat might succeed him. Mr. Balfour would do; or Lord Rosebery; or even Andrew Lang.



DISEASE is bad, but there are remedies which are worse than the diseases they deal with. Vice is bad, but there are methods of reform that are much more vicious than vice. There was a story in the papers last week about a poor artist who was convicted in a police court of drawing indecent pictures. He admitted his guilt, but told the Court that the agent of the Comstock Society for the Suppression of Vice had suggested to him that he should make the pictures that got him into trouble, and actually persuaded him to do them as a means of earning money which he needed for his family. His story was not denied, and is to be inquired into further. If it can be substantiated, it is the Comstock agent that should go to jail, and not the artist. To draw indecent pictures is bad enough, but it is a bagatelle compared with the crime of tempting a man to commit a prohibited act in order to have grounds for prosecuting him.



THREE seems to be too much zeal for reform in some of the police courts. Some of the best newspapers in town have been pitching into Magistrate Mott for weeks past, because of his misuse of his official authority. It seems to LIFE they have made out their case, and are justified in declaring him to be too irascible, hasty, ill-mannered and harsh to administer justice. The case of Mrs. Somers, who was arrested by a plain-clothes policeman, convicted summarily and without a fair hearing by Mott, and sent to the workhouse, has been forced by the *Herald* and other papers upon the attention of the public. The charge against the woman seems to have been absolutely baseless. It is better, far better, that a hundred immoral women should escape punishment, than that one honest woman should be injudiciously defamed. The war on Mott seems righteous.

SPAIN AND WAR AND US.

WHAT?
Spain getting hot?
Great Scot,
What
Will the Red, White and Blue
Do
If the Red and Yellow
Fellow
Insist on a bloody fight
As his Hidalgory right?
We don't wish to cross the sea,
So he
Must come our way
With his naval array.
And such an array! Gee whiz,
One must see it to know what it is!
Still, if it come to us,
We won't raise a fuss,
Or complain
Of Spain.
All we will do
Will be to tie a rope or two
To that naval array
From over the way,
And make it fast to a stump on the
shore,
And sit down on the bank and wait
for more.
Then with a stock
In dock,
We'll stop
And open a junk shop,
Where liberal discounts will be made
To the trade;
And haughty Castile
Shall have all the profits on the deal.
In this humane and business way,
Spain's glorious naval array
Will be saved to fight s'm'other day!
And Uncle Sam?
Well, really, he doesn't care a continental!

W. J. Lampton.



CUPIDS OF ALL NATIONS.
GERMANY.

LONDON, Jan. 9.—The *Manchester Guardian* says that a number of leading Americans in London have started a movement with a view of inducing the Government at Washington to send a special embassy to London to congratulate the Queen upon the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of Her Majesty's reign in June.

An amiable purpose, certainly, but what reason has the *Manchester Guardian* to suppose that there are any leading Americans in London? This is not vacation time. The leading Americans, so far as LIFE can remember, are all at home now and very busy trying to lead.

THERE seems to be no just appreciation of the horrors of riding in a crowded New York cable car. People who live in New York and use the cable cars get used to them. People who don't live in New York don't care. Every day thousands of well-dressed women struggle out of cable cars through jams of humanity fit to stir enthusiasm in a football player. It is amazing that any woman should do it more than once, but it seems to be accepted as a daily experience that it is one of the immutable conditions of metropolitan life.



THE VALUE OF A GOOD NAME.



AN EXCITING MOMENT.

BOOKSHED

THE REAL BOHEMIA.

THE book that Felix Moscheles has published about the friend of his youth, under the title "In Bohemia with Du Maurier" (Harper's), is a felicitous and genial record of art student days in Antwerp forty years ago. More than sixty drawings that Du Maurier put into his letters and notebooks in those days are published with the reminiscences, and again bring to mind his oft-mentioned artistic kinship with Thackeray. Both had that sportive genius for good-fellowship that makes of daily life a continuous play, to be illustrated as it runs with quips in words and pencil sketches.

For Du Maurier, even when threatened with blindness, the study of art was anything but dull drudgery. All of his friends and acquaintances were characters in the beautiful comedy of living at which he played from day to day. They were no sooner met than he nick-named them and gave them their appropriate parts in the cast. Rag, Tag and Bobtail were the fore-runners in real life of the Three Guardsmen of the Brush who, forty years later, seemed to step out of nothingness to charm a wearied novel-reading public. The wonder is, not that he wrote it at last, but that he kept the beautiful story so long to himself.

All those people who expect to write a great popular success at sixty because Du Maurier did it, should be careful in the intervening years to live up to it and lay in a full supply of immortal materials. That sort of thing does not come by accident.

* * *

WHAT a lot of nonsense is written about Bohemia, and how good Philistines like to imagine that they have had glimpses of it! For them Bohemia is a place where people do as they please, and violate all the conventions, and sing songs and paint and

make love to their hearts' content, and never grow old. What the envious Philistine really sees of it is a species of cheap restaurant, dowdy clothes, opinionated and vain young men, and a good deal of impecuniosity.

The real Bohemia is a land of the heart—a fair and radiant country where men like Thackeray and Du Maurier lived in their youth—where good-fellowship and a brave heart played all day while the willing slave worked at his task. There may be accidental doorways opening into it through the Latin Quarter, or an underground beer-cellars, or the Old Cheshire Cheese—but they chanced to be doorways, that is all. Nobody ever got over the threshold because he had a pose, or wore strange garments, or acted the Pharisee.

All that is worth saving of it is a land of warm hearts, and pleasant dreams, and lively aspirations. And when the men who have once lived there grow older, and think that they have seen the fair country drop behind the horizon, they rub their eyes one day to find that they have put the best of it into the work of their hands, and some part of the big world is perhaps applauding them for "an original work of art."

Any kind of pose is bad enough, but the worst of them is the Bohemian pose. It is generally merely the excuse for a half-formed, shiftless ambition, that is afraid to do its work earnestly because it knows its weakness will be revealed.

You may get glimpses of the light heart, the ready wit, the sympathetic fellowship "In Bohemia with Du Maurier," but if you want to see the way he traveled to fame from that enchanted country, look over the volume of his sketches in "English Society"—not a hundredth part of what he did—and you will realize that he worked and toiled, drew and polished and drew again, learned to write sentence by sentence, kept at his task year after year, then had a burst of applause—and died.

Droch.



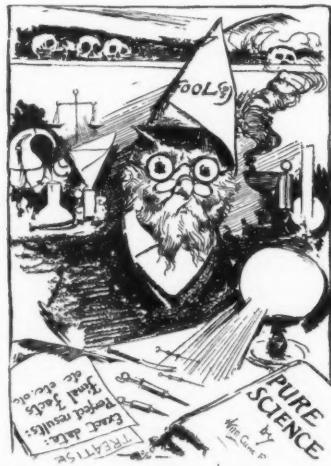


Old Man: IS THIS THE WAY TO BETHLEHEM?

"YOU GO STRAIGHT—

UP AND —

A MATTER OF PREFERENCE.



WHEN doctors once yield to the allurements of a fad, they are powerful slow in breaking away. So slow, that if the appendicitis fever endures much longer there will not be an appendix in America — except in the ash-barrel. They tell us now that it is better to have it removed on general principles. And the joke of it is that during all this period of blood and terror the homeopaths, it appears, have been quietly treating it medicinally, seldom operating and rarely losing a case. But the Old School tells us the homeopath is a fool; and the homeopath, naturally, has his opinion of the Old School and its methods.

Well, as to choosing between the two fools, we have a leaning personally to pellets and appendix, in preference to the carving-knife and the ash-barrel.

LAUDABLE EFFORTS.

CUMSO: The managers of the Elevated are really making efforts to accommodate their patrons.

CAWKER: Are they?

"Yes. I counted forty-six new straps in one car this morning."

AFTER THE COLLEGE VACATION.

FATHER (at the station): Good-bye, old fellow, and let us hear from you occasionally when you *don't* want money.

FRESHMAN: All right, father. But let's understand each other. When I write to you and don't mention money, you'll understand that I'm devilish hard up.

BALLADE OF THE FLYING STEEL.

ICE as gray as a pane of glass,
Hills above with the snows bedight,
Forms below them that swiftly pass —
Smooth as a swallow's curving flight.
The trees stand stripped by the season's blight,
And streams are bound in a wintry seal;
While echoing out, from left to right,
Comes the hollow ring of the flying steel.

Sun o'erhead, like a disc of brass,
Shining slow on the snow-drift's height.
Down below is the frozen grass,
Shut from the source of life and light.
A wan cloud drifts, like a vagrant sprite,
In airs that the chill north-winds congeal;
While still from the ice, in sounding might,
Comes the hollow ring of the flying steel.

Here they scatter, and there they mass —
Figures slipping away from sight —
Far in the distance, lad and lass,
Fading and disappearing quite.
The rushes waver, as black as night,
As over their tops the breezes reel;
While floating back, in the wind's despite,
Comes the hollow ring of the flying steel.

ENVOI.

Prince, through the winter's keen delight
The skater cleaves, and from spurning heel,
Full armed with blades as a falchion bright,
Comes the hollow ring of the flying steel.

Ernest McGaffey.

IT is only after a man has known a great many women that he begins to realize how clever most of them are.

• LIFE •

A SCOTTISH VERSION.

BY BARRIE MAC IAN.

MITHER, may I gae oot to sween?
Aye, me dairlin' dochther.

Hang your kilt on a thustle, dear,

And don't gae nigh the wachther.

For ye be pure-bred Scotch, me lass,

And perhaps the mon that's fated

To make ye his bride would far prefair

His Scotch unadoolterated.

DINING.

LAWYER: But my business is important. Why can't I see the judge?

SERVANT: His honor is at steak.



TURN —

THE IMMORTALS ON THE
"SUNDAY WORLD."

"RATHER a ditch in Egypt."
—Shakespeare.

"How instinct varies in the growling swine." — Pope.

"Calumny is only the noise of madmen."
—Diogenes.

"There are calumnies against which even innocence loses courage." — Napoleon.

"The chaos of events." — Byron.

"Be ignorance thy choice!" — Beattie.

"Who would not, finding a way, break loose from hell?" — Milton.

"Where God hath a temple, the devil will have a chapel." — Barton.

"Clouds on clouds in volumes driven,
Curtain round the vault of heaven."
—Peacock.

"Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up." — Ruskin.

"They that touch pitch will be defiled."
—Shakespeare.

"I had rather be a dog." — Shakespeare.

HE: Have you heard my new song, "The Proposal"?

SHE: No—what key is it written in?

"Be mine—er."

"I will. And now you can transpose it to the key of 'A flat.'"

SOMETIMES one's pleasantest memories are of events that didn't happen.



TO THE LEFT —

THE AMERICAN COMPOSER.

THE northern section of our hemisphere has long been in expectant attitude, sweeping the musical firmament with telescopes, awaiting the advent of *The American composer*. Plenty of composers compose—in fact, their annual crop exceeds the demand—but he who shall out-Wagner Wagner, prove himself a Neo-Brahm-in, and relegate Dvorak to the limbus of antediluvian bric-a-brac, is yet to come.

Manuscript societies have been formed to egg him on to glory—still he refuses to materialize.

Hints of the promise latent in Sambo's jingles have been offered, of the adaptability of Harlem's rurality for oboe solos, of the fine effect to be produced by the trombone, in depicting moral integrity of the tree which fell before Washington's axe, of the faithful reproduction of Niagara's current by hun-

dreds of violins, while the genius of the kettle-drums swells the chorus in imitation of the Empire Express in near distance—still he cometh not.

The Nineteenth Century tendency of foreign composers to describe fjords, rides through cemeteries, and love-potions, somewhat disconcerts the budding genius of our metropolis, who is obliged to seek local color in Trades Unions and Elevated Roads.

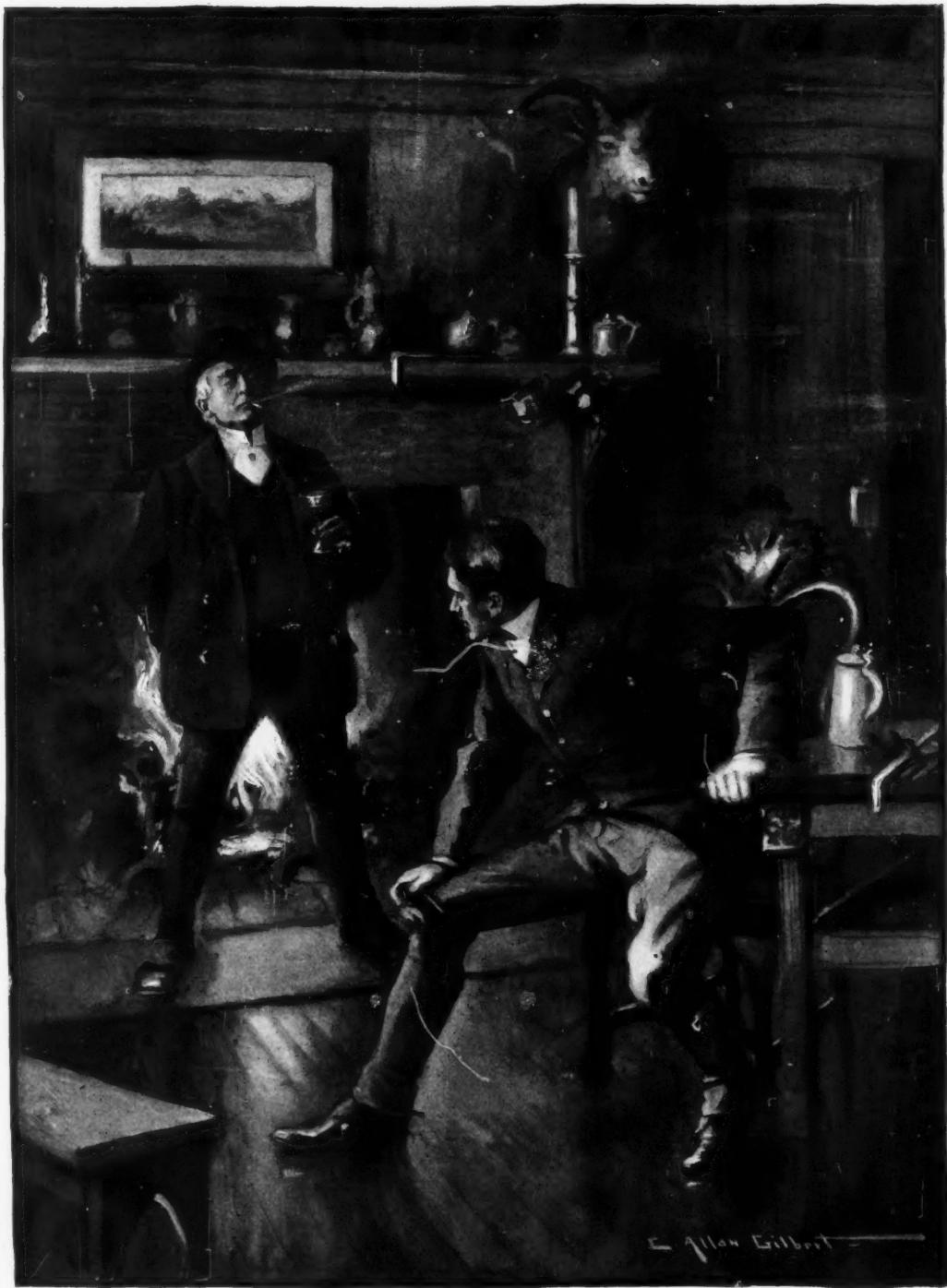
Public Opinion offers the chief bar to our composer's triumphal entry. The general impression of *Paterfamilias*, that Beethoven was a contemporary of Confucius; of *Materfamilias*, that a "sonata" is some horror to be avoided, fit cause for vaccination, and that a symphony is a "ceremony" associated with evening dress, opera glass and slight *ennui*; of our Sweet-Girl-Graduates from Miss X—'s Finishing-School, that the mission of Chopin was identical with that of the founder of the house of Huyler, would seem to justify the apparent fear of intrusion and dubious nature of reception by the Muse of Music.

Were such density which prevails in our community regarding Music but swept aside by the besom of Intelligence, 'twould be safe to prophesy that the exultant scream of the American eagle *fortissimo furioso* would be prelude to act the first, announcing the arrival of The American Composer.

IF we could have all we now want we should have a much larger conception of what was necessary to happiness.



AND THERE YOU ARE, YOU OLD FOOL !



"DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOUR DAUGHTER HASN'T TOLD YOU THAT SHE WAS ENGAGED TO ME?"

"NO. I TOLD HER NOT TO BOTHER ME WITH THOSE AFFAIRS UNLESS SHE INTENDED TO GET MARRIED."

LIF



HELD

LIFE •



HELD UP.



THE LATEST SCORE FROM THE MADISON
SQUARE GARDEN THEATRE PROGRAMME.

	TIMES MENTIONED.
CHARLES FROHMAN - - - - -	9
Henry Miller (star actor) - - - - -	2
J. I. C. Clarke (dramatist) - - - - -	1
Miss Grace Kimball (leading actress) - - - - -	1
American Brittania Company (silverware) - - - - -	1

NEVERTHELESS, the actors and the play were quite a feature. Mr. Charles Frohman was an easy first on the programme, but the audience seemed to take some interest in the performance itself, instead of spending the three hours, for which they had paid various prices to occupy their seats, in gazing on the name of Mr. Charles Frohman displayed in different sizes of type on the programme. This is heartrending news to theatrical managers, including Mr. Harry Miner, but it is true. There are quite a few people in New York who go to the theatre hoping to see a good performance.

By some kind of a fluke, in "Heartsease" Mr. Charles Frohman brought out a play by an author whose fame had not been tested by the London public or made certain by American successes. Such brashness is not pardonable in Mr. Frohman, and he should not chance it again, for it is not good business. It might help American art a bit for him to take such chances, but as a shrewd speculator he certainly is not justified in assuming the risk.

"Heartsease" tells rather a novel story and presents some novel situations. To utilize the foyer of an opera-house back of the boxes for a principal scene of action, and have that action made more impressive by music coming from the performance of an opera which in itself is part of the plot, is unusual enough to command attention, and in this case, so well is the entire idea handled, great praise. The entrance and subsequent action of the hero, who has arrived incognito, but from whom the opera being performed has been stolen, is dramatic in the highest degree. The other scene, in which the hero is about to be disgraced because he will not fight a duel that he has promised the heroine he will not, is also excellent in its climax, and makes the theatre-goer wish there were more dramatists with the originality of Mr. Clarke.

Mr. Henry Miller is the hero. He has composed the opera which has been stolen, and through the theft is likely to lose his fame and the heroine, Miss Grace Kimball. One criticism applies to both these actors. They are too metallic. They have made

the stage manager, instead of their art, their god. This is understandable when one remembers that Mr. Charles Frohman is their manager. With such control, emotion on the stage, except as understood by low intelligence, becomes a crime, and actors must move and speak in ways which could not possibly offend a bargain counter audience. This is better than ranting, of course, but even actors may be trained down so fine that they go stale. Mr. Wheatcroft makes an attractive and artistically conscientious villain, and Mr. Burbeck an imposing *Lord Neville*. There are some anachronisms, such as the use of a grand piano in 1785, but they are allowable, and in its entirety the performance is a pleasing and interesting one.

The best thing about "Heartsease" is the fact that it gives us a new dramatist. That profession seems to be going to seed in America. Whether it is that the rewards are so ample that the members of the guild become fat and lazy, or that failures are so frequent that they starve to death, is hard to say; but the fact remains that one, or at most, two successes seem fatal. There is danger of the race becoming extinct, and the public should congratulate itself on the discovery of a new dramatist. *Metcalfe.*



A (MOSE ACHE) MOSAIC.



"GOLF HAS BECOME ALL THE RAGE HERE."—*Dispatch from Central Africa.*



THAT fine scholar and unworldly churchman, Mr. Mark Pattison, late rector of Lincoln, was wont to lament that he knew—actually knew—men whose incomes exceeded five hundred pounds a year, and who did not spend fifty pounds a year on books. This statement seems credible to the dispassionate mind; and had Mr. Pattison's duties permitted him to cross the Atlantic, we might have shown him men whose incomes exceed five thousand dollars a year, and who do not in five years spend five dollars on non-journalistic literature.

Since the folio newspaper, sacred to Sabbath leisure, has been added to the daily press, the average man has no need and no time to go further afield for letters.

When merry Christmas comes apace, however, the book-shops put on an unwonted air of activity. Books are deservedly popular as Christmas presents. They are cheaper than pictures or bric-à-brac, and they possess the inestimable advantage of traveling by mail. A moderately stout volume may be sent to Seattle or San Francisco for ten cents, to the great saving of the sender and the great loss of Uncle Sam, as proven by the lamentable returns from the United States postal service. Therefore are the shops filled with an eager and animated crowd of people, busily engaged in buying books ac-

cording to their respective tastes in binding.

Having watched this crowd with commendable patience during the past Christmas season, I have acquired some knowledge which is at the service of the publisher. Light-blue books, liberally stamped in gold or silver—silver preferred—are sure to find purchasers, being considered appropriate gifts for young girls. White and gold volumes are in fair demand, if they can be kept clean until sold—no easy matter. Red is the boys' color, but fails to hold its own at Christmas time, unless heavily gilded; while aesthetic designs of yellow fish scales or dismembered bat wings are sought for by the painstaking elect. Books in boxes are deservedly popular. They carry well through the mails, and they have an

air of exclusiveness which suggests cost to the uninitiated. I have known as antiquated a tale as "Vanity Fair" to sell with moderate success when bound in sickly green and white, and enclosed in a ha'penny pasteboard box.

If the buying of books be a difficult problem for those who have not yet mastered this simple scheme of colors, the system by which they are sold is absolutely beyond the comprehension of man. The laws that hold the bookseller in bondage are secret laws, and we know them only by their results. Why do they never permit themselves to keep new books in stock, instead of sending for them one by one, which seems to the outsider a tedious and expensive method of procedure? Why do they always employ salesmen who are blithely and comprehensively ignorant of all



DONALD MACSLUSHEY AS HE APPEARS AT HOME, WITHOUT TROUSERS, UPON HIS NATIVE, HEATH OF TUMTITODDY.



THE ONE AUTHOR LEFT IN SCOTLAND, FOR WHOM A PURSE IS BEING RAISED BY THE HYSTERIA CLUB OF BOSTON.

printed matter? Whether these youths be converted cow-boys, or graduates of our schools for feeble-minded children, or merely young men with a wholesome and invincible prejudice against the alphabet and all that follows therefrom, the result is practically the same—a result discouraging and baffling to the buyer, who really needs a little help instead of this unflinching antagonism.

When you have explained, for example, that Mr. Gilbert Hamerton's autobiography was written by himself, and that Lang's Life of Lockhart is the work, not of Mr. Lockhart, but of Mr. Lang, the only reward for your well-intentioned disclosures is a solid assurance that the books are "not in stock." When you ask for "Virginibus Puerisque," the

chances are you will not be content to accept Ruth Ashmore's "Side Talks with Girls" as a substitute. There are people who even fuss about the language in which a book is written. I heard with pleasure, and some amusement, the off-hand request of a sanguine young woman for a copy of the "Abbé Constantin." An agitated conference ensued, each clerk passing the word on to another, and all standing equally amazed. Finally from some remote recess a book was produced, and handed proudly down the line. "But this is in English," said the fastidious young creature—women are proverbially hard to please—"and I want a French copy." The worm turned. "We are sorry not to be able to oblige you, madame," said the exasperated worm, "but the book has never been translated into French."

Agnes Replier.

IF the time ever comes when it is bad form for a women to be nervous, fewer specialists will thrive.

THE SAFEST TIME.

COUNSEL: You are free.

CLIENT (*a burglar*): And I am grateful to you, sir. When shall I call at your office?

"I should prefer to have you call while I am there."



BUSINESS TERMS.
"TRANSFERRED BIDS."



MR. LARRY O'CAMPBELL IS NOW IN THIS COUNTRY LECTURING UPON "THE CHARACTERISTICS OF SCOTCH-IRISH WIT." HE'S A GUDIE MON TA HEER, BEJABBERS!

WATER.

THE railway magnates lost not heart,
Nor yielded to dismay;
"There's so much water in our stock,
Let's have a pool," quoth they.

SURGERY and dermatology have made remarkable progress of late. The person who wears homely and ungainly features nowadays must blame himself, and not nature or his parents. The woman whose nose sports a hump like a last year's bicycle rider, and whose eyes are so badly

crossed that they are in the habit of turning around and looking reproachfully back into her own face, can now be transformed into one of those delicious, tripping beauties that seem to reside almost exclusively in magazine illustrations.

Peculiar developments will result from the growing popularity of this method. It lies within the power of all of us to change our features to whatever shape desired. What if this practice had been in common vogue a couple of years ago, when the Napoleon craze swept over the country as relentless as an era of hard times across the Western

prairies? Three-quarters of our men would have had their faces pared, or stuffed, to resemble the saturnine physiognomy of the "Man of Destiny." At the same time the ladies would have exhibited the red hair and vacant features of unfortunate Trilby. Identification would have been difficult.

Then, there is a still more unfavorable side to the matter. Some Weary William could lift a purse, have his features worked over into the Vanderbilt style, and run up bills galore against that money-king. An obscure pettifogger, who never took part in any case except the trifling affair of John Doe and Richard Roe, could secure the features of the President, slip into Washington while that functionary was out on a fishing excursion, and in less than a week plunge the United States into a war with every country east of the third meridian.

Worse even than that. The disappointed lover could have his features sculptured over in the cast of his successful rival, and marry the poor, deceived girl, while the fellow of her choice was being measured for his wedding clothes.

Science is a good work-horse, but gets to interfering once in a while.

THE SAME GIRL.

THE sudden strain of an old refrain
Will oftentimes reveal,
Like a flash at night, some previous
plight—
And this is the way I feel.

Ages ago, I somehow know
That I was a crocodile,
And I frittered away the livelong day
On the banks of the ancient Nile.

And it seems that there, 'neath the burning
glare
Of the sun on its daily track,
As I idly strayed, I was loved by a maid
With a corrugated back.

I died, and then, incarnate again,
I passed to another life—
In the form of an ape my brain took
shape,
And I lived with a chittering wife.

In a later span I became a man,
And a web of love I spun;
Yet I feel it's true that the girl I woo
To-day, is the self-same one

Who in ages past with my lot was cast,
For I often hear her declare—
As they have done since the world
begun—
"I haven't a thing to wear!"

Tom Masson.

LIFE.



ONCE when the *Pensacola* was coming up to San Francisco from the South Seas, somewhere off Honolulu she met a gale that almost laid her down. Carpenter McGloin, a privileged character, who invariably became seasick in heavy weather, promptly went to bed. Finally it was reported to the captain that something was wrong with the foretopmast. The captain sent for McGloin, and the carpenter staggered on deck. "Get up there," commanded the captain, "and see what's the matter at the foretop." "Up that mast?" gasped McGloin. The proposition so dazed him that he lost his breath. "Up that mast," reiterated the captain, "and find out what's the matter at the foretop." "Captain," said McGloin, in a last despairing protest, "do you really mean that you want me to go up that mast in this storm, with this ship going this way, and see what's wrong with that foretop?" "You heard what I said," exclaimed the captain, losing patience at last; "you get up that mast, and be quick about it, too." "Captain," said McGloin, solemnly, "if there was a four-inch plank from here to Brooklyn I'd walk home."—*Argonaut*.

DR. HOWLEY, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1848, upheld the dignity of his position in the fashion deemed necessary.

One day he drove up to the door of the House of Lords in a coach-and-four, with liveried coachman and two footmen. A Quaker, who knew him, addressed him:

"Friend Howley, what would the Apostle Paul have

said if he had seen these four horses and the purple liveries and all the rest?"

The Archbishop, who was seldom flustered, replied with a benignant smile: "Doubtless the Apostle would have remarked that things were very much changed for the better since his time."—*Exchange*.

EVERYONE knew old Dr. Balfour. He was a good man and a pious. Yet could he swear when occasion was ripe. Only a few days before his death he visited a patient who had been bedridden for some time and asked after his health.

"Oh, poorly, poorly, Doctor," the sick man moaned.

"Did you take the medicine I sent you?"

"Oh, Doctor, it ain't medicine I need. What I need is prayer, prayer, prayer!"

"Well, I'll pray for you," cheerily said the doctor, and down on his knees he went, praying fervently and with zeal.

"Now, do you feel better? Are you going to take that medicine?" he said when he had risen.

"No, Doctor," whined the patient, "I reckon not."

"Then die and be d—d!" exclaimed the good physician, unable longer to stand the strain, and out he walked, raging like a lion.—*New York Press*.

A LADY had issued invitations for a party of twelve, and on the morning of the appointed day, when conferring with the footman, she discovered that one of the twelve silver shells in which scalloped oysters were to be served had been misplaced. Rigid search for the

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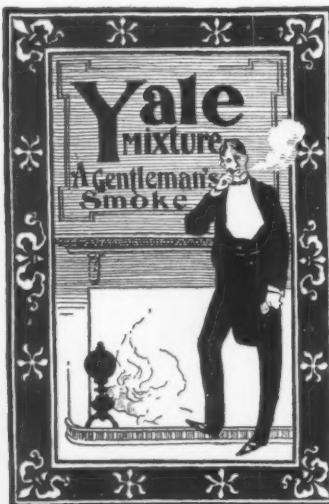
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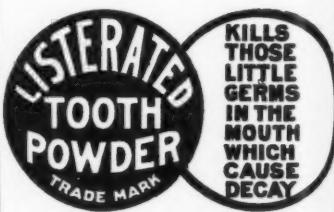
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NEW YORK CITY.

Theodore B. Starr's establishment, at 206 Fifth avenue and 1,126 Broadway, was more seriously crippled by the fire which occurred on the morning of December 30th than was reported at the time. The damages to the building were such that extensive repairs will have to be made, unfitting the place for business during their progress. A temporary removal has been made to 218 Fifth avenue, on the corner of Twenty-sixth street, where the stock is now displayed as advantageously as the smaller quarters will allow.



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NEW PUBLICATIONS
Gulliver's Travels. London: J. M. Dent.
Lo-To-Kah. By Verner Z. Reed. New York and London: Continental Publishing Company.

Uncanny Tales. By Mrs. Molesworth. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets, and Other Tales. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Sappho. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Henry Frith. London: J. M. Dent.

First Annual Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New York.

missing article having proved unavailing, the lady decided that, sooner than give up that particular course, she would simply decline oysters when they were handed her, and so the eleven shells would be sufficient. It happened that, when the oysters were served at dinner, the hostess was engaged in a very animated conversation with one or two of her neighbors, and, forgetting her determination, took one of the shells of oysters and set it before herself. If the servant's heart fell in consternation at this he gave no external sign of it, but, speaking in tones distinct though low, said, respectfully: "Excuse me, madam, but you said I was to remind you that the doctor forbade your eating oysters."

—*Argonaut*.

"I DON'T know," cried the excited feminine voice in the darkness, "whether you are my husband or a burglar, but I'm going to be on the safe side and shoot."

—*Tid-Bits*.

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HERE is an amusing instance of British class formality. The lady's-maid of Mrs. Benevolent was stricken down with typhus fever, and Mrs. Benevolent, having a great liking for the maid, declared she would nurse the girl herself. This she did, through a long illness, and after her complete restoration to health the maid was asked to resume her duties. Her answer was an expression of gratitude for the kindness and care she had received, concluding with the sorrowful "regret that I shall not be able to return to your service, as I cannot engage myself to one who is not a lady, and of course no lady would have nursed and waited upon a servant as you have done in my case."—*Argonaut*.

YABSLEY: The truest test of a man's friendship is his willingness to lend you money.

MUDGE: Oh, most anybody will lend money. The real test is when you strike him for a second loan.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

MOTHER: Dear me! The baby has swallowed that piece of worsted.

Father: That's nothing to the yarns she'll have to swallow if she lives to grow up.—*Boston Transcript*.

A CHICAGO general passenger agent the other day received a letter from the publisher of a little paper down in Arkansas which had the merit of frankness, at least. The Arkansas editor said: "DEAR SIR: I wish you would send me a pass from Little Rock to Chicago and return. I've got to go to Chicago, and I can't do so unless you do. My paper goes almost everywhere in this section, and I'm having mighty hard work to keep it from going to h—l."—*Argonaut*.

"I WONDER what got Bluebeard starting to cutting off his wives' heads?"

"Very likely the idea occurred to him while he was at the theatre behind a big hat."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

THE late Archbishop of Canterbury had many good stories to tell. Two are recalled by his private secretary, Mandeville B. Phillips, in some "Personal Reminiscences," which he contributes to the January number of the London *Sunday Magazine*. One concerned Archbishop Tait's coachman, who was a very original character. One day a clergyman who called at the palace asked him whether he had still as much to do as ever. The answer was sublime. "There's always a goodish bit doing, sir, but it's been a trifle easier since we took young Mr. Parry into the business!" The Right Rev. Edward Parry had recently been appointed Bishop Suffragan of Dover.

Another of the Archbishop's stories, also of a coachman, will be new to many. A gentleman living in the neighborhood of Addington, finding that the stablemen were not in the habit of attending church, spoke to his coachman about it. "They ought to go," he said. "That's just what I say myself," was the rejoinder. "I says to them: 'Look at me, I go, and what harm does it do me?'"—*Exchange*.

Down in Ohio the other day, not far from Cleveland, I took a carryall, or 'bus, at a country station to ride inland a few miles. The driver, who carried the mail for Uncle Sam, was disposed to be quite communicative.

"You don't live 'round here, I s'pose?" he remarked, interrogatively.

"No—not now," I replied. "I'm from Chicago."

"Pretty big place, ain't it?" he continued.

"Yes, it's a large city," I said.

"I s'pose there's something goin' on there most of the time, ain't there?" he asked. I nodded affirmatively.

"Well, we ain't so darned slow down here," he added. "Had a dance in the Hinckley Ridge school-house last night, and there'll be a turkey raffle Tuesday."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.



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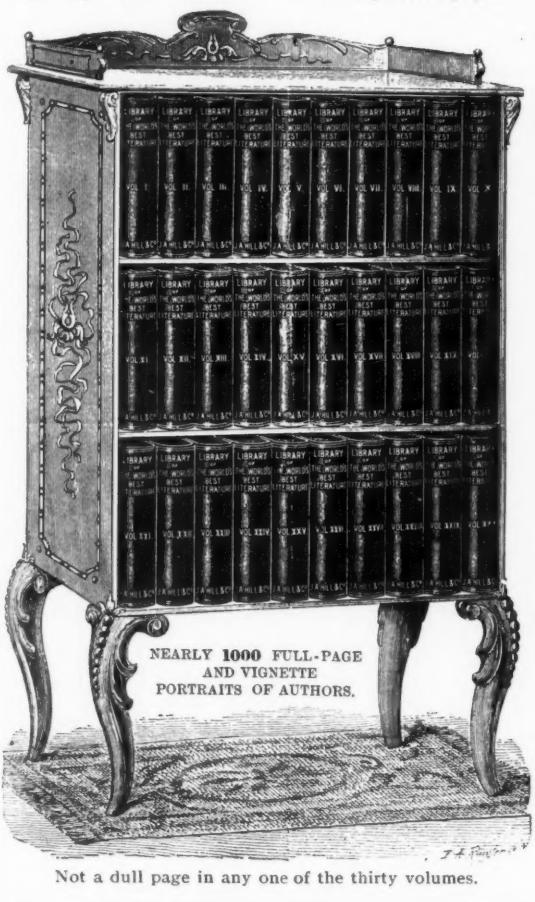
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FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL STATEMENT.

NEW YORK LIFE Insurance Company.

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JOHN A. McCALL, President.

Balance Sheet, January 1st, 1897.

ASSETS.

United States Bonds (\$10,515,766) and State, City, County, and other Bonds (\$98,262,767); cost of all \$103,865,862; market value.....	\$108,778,533
Bonds and Mortgages (908 first liens)	37,509,910
Real Estate (92 pieces, including twelve office buildings).....	16,852,400
Policy-Holders' loans and liens on their policies, held as security (legal reserve thereon, \$9,500,000).	5,972,778
Deposits in Trust Companies and Banks, at interest .	5,401,000
Stocks of Banks, Trust Companies, etc. (\$3,704,730 cost value), market value, December 31st, 1896.	4,668,335
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in liabilities..	2,582,378
Quarterly and semi-annual premiums not yet due, reserve charged in liabilities.....	1,980,529
Interest and Rents due and accrued.....	1,422,730
Premium Notes on policies in force (reserve charged in liabilities, \$2,500,000).....	1,023,613
Loans on stocks and bonds (market value, \$1,352,403)	984,200
Total Assets	\$187,176,406

LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve, per certificate of New York Insurance Department.	\$158,115,938
All other Liabilities: Policy claims in process of payment, extra reserve voluntarily held, annuities and endowments awaiting settlement.	2,378,472
Surplus (per certificate Insurance Superintendent December 31, 1896)	26,681,996
Total	\$187,176,406

CASH INCOME, 1896.

Premiums on new insurances (\$121,564,987) \$4,752,934	
Premiums on new annuities	1,263,324
Total new premiums.....	\$6,016,258
Renewal Premiums.....	25,121,818
TOTAL PREMIUMS	\$31,138,076
Interest, etc.....	7,298,862
Rents.....	702,620
Total Cash Income	\$39,139,558

EXPENDITURES, 1896.

Paid for losses, endowments and annuities	\$13,810,766
Paid for dividends and surrender values.....	5,172,855
Commissions on new business of \$121,564,987, medical examiner's fees, and inspection of risks..	3,099,036
Home and branch office expenses, taxes, advertising, equipment account, telegraph, postage commissions on \$705,251,661 of old business, and miscellaneous expenditures	4,816,298
Balance—Excess of Income over Expenditures for the year	12,740,603
Total	\$39,139,558

New Business paid for in 1896, \$121,564,987.

Total Paid for Insurance in force, \$826,816,648.

Gain in the United States in 1896, \$34,800,000.